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THE IMPERIAL TOURISTS.

Tour of Their Imperial Highnesses the Archdukes John and Lewis of Austria.

(Continued.)

Beechwood, Woburn, Leicester, Beaudesert.—We saw a great many various machines. A sowing machine, which is like those at Hofwyl, with this difference, that in the front a little ploughshare is applied, with two projections (oreillons) between which the seed falls: the cylinder, which passes over the furrow, presses down the earth over the seed, and at the same time makes a new furrow. The sowing machine is fixed to the cylinder, and both are drawn by the same horse. Another machine, for sowing turnips, appeared to us remarkably ingenious, on account of its simplicity. It consists of a wooden chest, lined with tin, which has holes pierced in it, and is fixed upon wheels, two or three feet high. An iron bar, passing through the chest, is put in motion by the wheels themselves; to the iron bar wooden rollers are fixed, provided with brushes, which, turning with the bar, keep the holes open, and hinder them from being stopped up.

We saw a very large and convenient rake for gathering up the outs and barley when mowed down: it consists of a piece of wood two toises (twelve feet) long, furnished with iron teeth and a handle: a horse is yoked to it, and it is drawn over the corn; in this manner the rake gathers up the harvest with great rapidity.

The machine invented for turning the hay, appeared to us very ingenious; it seemed perfectly to answer its purpose, and at the same time to save much manual labour. It is fixed upon two wheels joined by an axle, twenty-two feet long; two pieces of wood, in which the axle turns, join in an angle towards the pole; the latter has in its fore part a little wheel: a mechanical power is fitted to the axle: two rings are fixed to the smallest wheel of this mechanical power: and, lastly, to the rings four laths, under which there are springs, which give way when they strike against stones: the laths are furnished with teeth, six inches

distant from each other. This machine is drawn by two horses, and driven over the swath to turn it. That the hay may not hang to the axle, and impede the motion of the machine, a piece of flannel is hung over the axle to brush off the hay.

Sir John Sebright possesses a flock of a thousand sheep. They are partly Merinos, and partly of the English breed. As his principal object is directed to fattening, he prefers the latter, which possess, in this respect, advantages over the Merinos.*

We passed the evening in agreeable conversation. The worthy Baronet's eldest daughter, who is very fond of chemistry, shewed us an experiment of Wollaston, which has since been published, but was then new to us: namely, that of a little galvanic battery, contained in a thimble, which is able to make a wire of platina red hot.

We saw so many things at Beechwood, that it was impossible for us to take notes of every thing; but Sir John politely promised to visit us after our return to London, when the very important notices, which we had collected at his seat, should receive a complete supplement. We made, besides, the best use of the time that we were able to pass in his company, so that we learned far more from him, than it would have been possible to collect elsewhere in the same time. He is the true model of an English gentleman: his mind is highly cultivated by travelling; he understands both French and German, and converses on various subjects in an agreeable and instructive manner.

The seat of the Duke of Bedford at Woburn, where we arrived on the 5th of November, is, with its park and gardens, one of the most beautiful residences in England. Whatever makes the British country seats agreeable and delightful, is found here in the greatest perfection. We saw an extensive and well chosen library; we examined with much pleasure a valuable collection of fine paintings; among which we particularly remarked many by Vandyke,

* The above remarks prove how accurately these Princes observed our most useful mechanical inventions.—EDITOR.

and the portrait of Anna Bullen, by Holbein. In the anti-room is a bust of Napoleon of Carrara marble.

In walking through the Duke of Bedford's garden, we were struck with the remarkable beauty of a large orangery. In the middle of it are eight columns of white marble; they surround a large vase, adorned with bas-reliefs, and several smaller marble vases. In a niche stands a cast of the Apollo Belvidere. At the end of the orangery is a temple, supported by four columns of the Ionic order, which is sacred to the memory of the late Duke of Bedford, brother to the present duke. Within is a cabinet, with a gilded ceiling, in which are placed the busts of Fox, and of his friends, the Lords † Fitzpatrick, Lauderdale, Robert Spencer, Grey, Holland, and Harvey.‡ A Chinese pavilion is adorned with furniture and vessels from China and Japan; and a menagerie contains many rare animals. We have not seen any where a park so well stocked with deer as that of Woburn. These pretty creatures are so tame, that they come up to the very windows of the chateau.

The farm is at the distance of half a mile from the house, and, including all its dependencies, looks like a little village. Many remarkable things are to be seen here; among which is a steam engine, which puts in motion a machine for threshing corn, and two mills. The manner in which the motion is produced by the steam engine, is extremely ingenious; but a clear idea of it cannot be given without a drawing.

The present duke is brother to him who is so well known as an agriculturist, and who also erected all the buildings on this fine estate. During his life, agricultural pursuits were carried on here with great activity. The time of sheep-shearing, about the middle of June, was observed as a rural festival, at which three or four hundred persons were present.

The country through which you travel after leaving Woburn, is rather monotonous, though well cultivated; but as soon as you get into the county

† General.—EDITOR.

‡ We do not know who this is.—EDITOR.

of Leicester, the country and the cultivation change. In the higher position, on account of the abundance of meadow land, the breeding of cattle is the chief object of attention.

On the 6th we arrived at Leicester. The houses are built of bright red bricks, and covered with slates, which has a very neat appearance. Wilson's foundry was the first manufactory that we saw in this town. It produces only machines, and other curious things. The horizontal windmills, for which Wilson has a patent, are uncommonly beautiful.

The manufactory of Mr. Kelly, for knitting-work, is very considerable. A steam engine puts in motion fourteen large looms. By this means this manufactory is able to furnish for fourteen shillings, the same goods which formerly cost forty. The produce of the establishment is very considerable. They sell every week seven or eight hundred dozen of braces (bretelles). A quantity of these goods goes to America.

Near Ashley we saw the first iron rail-road. The waggon used on these roads, have four small low light wheels, of cast iron. On these four wheels stands a square kind of chest. The waggon is drawn by one horse.*

On the 7th we arrived at Beaudesert, a fine seat belonging to the Marquis of Anglesea. During our stay there, we were enabled to form an idea of the mode of living of the rich English landowners. Before nine o'clock in the morning, nobody is to be seen. At ten, the company assemble in the drawing room, where an ample breakfast is provided, which consists of tea, bread and butter, toast, eggs, cutlets, &c. This breakfast lasts an hour: then the company separate, and every one employs or amuses himself, as he thinks fit, till dinner, which is served up at six or seven o'clock. Half an hour before dinner, the company meet in the library or drawing-room. In the morning the gentlemen may appear in boots, but in the evening they must be dressed as in town. The ladies too appear full dressed.

The dinner consists of every thing that a good kitchen can afford. The table service is very handsome; often you are served in silver gilt. After

the soup, cold punch is presented: after this, custom requires that you take a glass of wine, according to the choice of the lady of the house, and drink her health. Afterwards, when you wish to drink, it is the custom to invite acquaintance, or those who sit next you, to join you. Every body helps to the dish that stands before him. At the dessert, the ladies withdraw, the servants are dismissed, and the claret bottle begins to circulate from the left hand. After that, the gentlemen go to the ladies in the drawing-room, or into the library, enter into conversation, and every one leaves the company when he thinks proper.

Riding and hunting are the principal diversions. In the first the ladies take a great share. The fox-chase, with dogs, is rather a dangerous pleasure, because you are obliged to leap your horse over hedges and ditches. They also hunt hares. The dogs are extremely well broke, and the fowling pieces excellent.

As every rich landowner passes a part of the winter in the country, relations and neighbours meet together, and the company is numerous enough to supply the place of the circles in town. The prevailing ton is pleasing, free, but strictly decorous; and the hospitality and politeness that you meet with here, must afford pleasure to every one who is capable of appreciating their value.

The arrangement and furniture of the rooms are extremely convenient. In these country seats you find every thing combined that can tend to the material, or the intellectual enjoyments of life. The intercourse with the ladies, who in general possess much and various knowledge, and often more than the men, affords all that you can wish. If to this be added the perfectly unconstrained mode of living, it is easy to conceive the charms of a country life; and it seems very natural that the English nobility and gentry should reside in the metropolis only during the sittings of parliament.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, during the years 1799-1804. By Alexander de Humboldt and

Aimé Bonpland, &c. vol. iii. 8vo. pp. 375. with maps, plans, &c. &c.

The literary and scientific world will, we are sure, rejoice with us in the appearance of another volume of this highly interesting narrative. To those who have not perused the preceding publications of these distinguished travellers, we may say that their zeal and intelligence are not to be surpassed; and to those who have enjoyed that gratification, we shall content ourselves with stating, that the present volume is in no respect inferior to any which have gone before. We might sometimes wish for compression, but are never fatigued.

The region of New Andalusia, Cumana, and the Caraccas, the exploration of which furnishes matter for the work, affords it peculiar claims to notice, at a moment when political events of so great importance are acting upon this theatre. Intending, therefore, to devote more than one Number to the examination of its contents, we shall proceed directly to our task, and follow the thread of the narrative, in bringing our readers acquainted with its most striking features.

Our travellers penetrated into the interior of the *missions** of the Chayma Indians in Andalusia.

"A country studded with forests; and visited a convent surrounded by palm trees and arborescent fern, situate in a narrow valley, where we felt the enjoyment of a cool and delicious climate, in the centre of the torrid zone. The surrounding mountains contain caverns, haunted by thousands of nocturnal birds; and, what affects the imagination more than all the wonders of the physical world, we find beyond these mountains a people so lately nomadic, and still nearly in a state of nature, savage without being barbarous, and stupid rather from ignorance than long rudeness."

"When a traveller, newly arrived from Europe, penetrates for the first time into the forests of South America, Nature presents herself to him under an unexpected aspect. The objects that surround him reveal but feebly those pictures which celebrated writers have traced on the banks of

* Missions are small communities of the wandering tribes, formed by the Roman Catholic missionaries about, and subsequent to, the era of Charles V. These establishments, though originally favourable to civilization, have now no other effect than to stultify the poor Indians, and keep them in stupid subjection, insulated from the rest of the world; their intellectual progress enchaind, and their wild independence ill exchanged for gloomy degrading servitude to cloistered bigotry.

* We do not know how large the waggons are which their Highnesses saw here, but on some roads one horse draws ten or more waggons. — Editor.

the Mississippi, in Florida, and in other temperate regions of the New World. He feels at every step, that he is not on the confines, but in the centre of the torrid zone; not in one of the West India Islands, but on a vast continent, where every thing is gigantic, the mountains, the rivers, and the mass of vegetation. - - - It might be said, that the earth, overloaded with plants, does not allow them space enough to unfold themselves. The trunks of the trees are every where concealed under a thick carpet of verdure; and if we carefully transplanted the orchideæ, the pipers, and the pothos, which a single courbaril, or American fig-tree (*figus gigantea*) nourishes, we should cover a vast extent of ground. By this singular assemblage, the forests, as well as the flanks of the rocks and mountains, enlarge the domains of organic nature. The same lianas as creep on the ground, reach the tops of the trees, and pass from one to another at the height of more than a hundred feet."

They walked for hours under these majestic arcades, and in groves where the pendent bottle-shaped nests of the oriole hung like artificial ornaments to the lower branches, while the song of that bird mingled with the harsh notes of flocks of parrots, and the dissonant cries of macaws, which only fly in pairs, sometimes composing altogether a concert loud enough to drown even the thundering noise of the mountain torrent. Proceeding onward, they reached the small village of San Fernando.

"This was the first mission we saw in America. The houses, or rather the huts, of the Chayma Indians, separated from each other, are not surrounded by gardens. The streets, which are wide and very straight, cross each other at right angles. The walls, which are very thin and slight, are made of clay, strengthened by lianas. The uniformity of this construction, the grave and taciturn air of the inhabitants, and the extreme neatness that reigns throughout their habitations, reminded us of the establishments of the Moravian brethren. Every Indian family cultivates at some distance from the village, besides its own garden, the *conuco* of the community. In this the adults of each sex work one hour in the morning, and one in the evening. In the missions nearest the coast, the garden of the community is generally a sugar or indigo plantation, under the direction of the missionary; and the produce of which, were the law strictly observed, can be employed only for the support of the church, and the purchase of the sacerdotal ornaments. The great square of San Fernando, in the centre of the village, contains the church, the dwelling of the missionary, and that humble edifice, which is pompously called the king's house, *Casa del Rey*. This is a real caravanserai, destined to lodge travellers; and, as we often experienced, infinitely valuable in a country where the name of an inn is

still unknown. The *Casas del Rey* are to be found in all the Spanish colonies, and may be deemed an imitation of the *tamboes* of Peru, established according to the laws of Manco Capac."

The missionary of San Fernando received them kindly, as they were furnished with proper Canonical letters of recommendation. He was a true sample of monastic sensuality; very curious about the news of battles and sieges in Europe; but much more interested in the killing of a cow, which was to take place the next morning, to furnish him with what he called the most incomparable enjoyment of life, the means of eating good beef (*carne de vacca*.) The price of the animal was only seven piastres, and the mode of slaughtering it barbarous in the extreme: it is done by ham-stringing, and then plunging a large knife into the vertebrae of the neck: in twenty minutes after which operation, eight Chayma Indians cut the carcase completely up into small pieces. It may be noted, as a characteristic trait, that on the same day, the friar paid a soldier eighteen piastres for having succeeded; after many fruitless attempts, in bleeding him in the foot.

As San Fernando is a sample of the multitude of other missions, we may observe, that it consists of a hundred families, and that the population is increased by the custom of early marriages, at the age of thirteen or fourteen. The government of these parishes is very complicated; consisting of governor, major alguazils, and militia commanders, who are all copper coloured natives. The militia is composed of companies of archers, who are trained to shoot at butts, and have colonels, &c. like regulars—a curious anomaly under a purely monastic system.

Near San Fernando is the village of Arenas, where the following singular story is related, which we chuse to give in the author's own words, rather than risk our credit by an abridgment. It relates to one Francisco Lozano, a white man, descended from Europeans.

"This man has suckled a child with his own milk. The mother having fallen sick, the father, to quiet the infant, took it into his bed, and pressed it to his bosom. Lozano, then 32 years of age, had never remarked, till that day, that he had milk: but the irritation of the nipple, sucked by the child, caused the accumulation of that liquid. The milk was thick and very sweet. The father, astonished at the increased size of his breast, suckled his child two or three times a-day during five months. - - -

The child had no other nourishment than the milk of his father. Lozano, who was not at Arenas during our journey in the missions, came to us at Cumana. He was accompanied by his son, who was then about 13 or 14 years of age. Mr. Bonpland examined with attention the father's breast, and found it wrinkled like those of women who have given suck. He observed that the left breast in particular was much enlarged; which Lozano explained to us from the circumstance that the two breasts did not furnish milk in the same abundance."

This curious physiological phenomenon M. de Humboldt argues upon at some length, and quotes several examples of males of the human species, as well as animals, producing a secretion of milk at the breast, which we are the more inclined to credit, from having been eye-witness of the fact, in a Scottish Highlander, employed in the labours of harvest in a southern county. M. de H. instances the lower order of Russian peasants, as offering frequent examples of the same kind. But it does not appear that the quantity of this secretion is often sufficient for the purpose here attested; nor are we sure that the quality deserves the name ascribed to it. In the case we have cited, the liquid had more of a mucous than lacteal appearance; and we cannot flatter our sex with the hope of agreeably rendering the most lovely of female and maternal duties a sinecure.

The next stage of our travellers was Cumana, seven leagues from Cumana, and a place of 2300 inhabitants, having quadrupled in the last sixty years. It is a strange circumstance, that while it scarcely ever rains at Cumana, there are annually seven months of wintry weather at Cumanacon, which is 104 toises above the level of the sea. The thermometer kept at from 18.5° to 20°. Tobacco, of a fine aromatic kind, the same as the Virginia, is much cultivated,—the monopoly of which is odious in itself, and most oppressively and insolently enforced upon the people;—no mean cause of the insurrection in the province.

The amazing fertility of the tropical regions may be conceived from the history of the culture of this plant.

"The seed is sowed in the open ground, at the beginning of September; though sometimes not till the month of December, which is less favourable for the harvest. The cotyledons appear on the eighth day; and the young plants are covered with large leaves of heliconia or plantain, to shelter them from the direct action of the sun.

Great care also is taken to destroy the weeds, which, between the tropics, spring up with astonishing rapidity. The tobacco is transplanted into a rich and well-prepared ground, a month or two after it has risen from the seed. The plants are disposed in regular rows, three or four feet distant from each other. Care is taken to weed them often, and the principal stalk is several times topped, till greenish blue spots indicate to the cultivator the maturity of the leaves. They begin to gather them in the fourth month, and this first gathering generally terminates in the space of a few days. In good years the cultivators cut the plant when it is only four feet high; and the shoot which springs from the root, throws out new leaves with such rapidity, that they may be gathered on the thirteenth or fourteenth day. These last have the cellular texture very much extended; and they contain more water, more albumen, and less of that acrid, volatile principle, which is but little soluble in water, and in which the stimulant property of tobacco seems to reside."

After being gathered, the leaves are suspended by threads of cocuiza (the American agave), their ribs are taken out, and they are twisted into cords. Were the culture and trade free, Cumaná might almost furnish Europe with this commodity, so valuable as a branch of trade. Indigo is also produced here: there are in all four species of plants which furnish this article of commerce.

Jaguar tigers are found in this district, of the immense size of six feet in length. They are so strong as to be able to drag off a horse, and so amazingly fierce that they not only do not flee from men, but will even leap into the waters of the Oronoko to attack the Indians in their canoes.

Our space forbids us to enter at present into any of the geological matter so copiously handled in the portion of the volume which we have analyzed; nor can we even visit the volcanic, or rather meteoric, districts of Cuchivano, which afforded so much food for research to the travellers. In these parts the sugar-cane, and cotton, and coffee-tree flourish; wild silk (*sedá silvestre*) is found suspended from the branches; the most beautiful woods for turnery, unknown to Europe, abound; and every thing bespeaks the bounty of nature, save only man, who knows not how to convert into usefulness the blessings which surround him.

The contrast here afforded to Greenland, as described in a succeeding page, is well worthy the contemplation of every reflecting mind.

Investigation of the cause of Easter 1818 being appointed to be celebrated on a wrong day, &c. &c. By a Member of the University of Oxford. pp. 20.

This little pamphlet demonstrates what is proposed in its title; namely, that Easter, in the present year, is erroneously appointed for a date one week earlier than that on which it really falls; and that, from the existing system of chronological computation, much greater errors must ensue in the observance of the fasts and festivals of the Christian church. We need not say that so grave a matter so lucidly brought forward, merits the best attention of the public, and of the legislature. At an era so enlightened, it is a shame to continue in error; and an error in science is peculiarly unworthy of an age claiming all the scientific intelligence of that in which we live.

It is evident that the reform of the Nicene mode of calculating time by the lunar cycle of nineteen years, adjusted to a solar cycle, in which six hours were substituted for 5^h 48' 57" in every year, though it approximated more nearly to accuracy, was still incorrect; and as very minute discrepancies being repeated, through the lapse of centuries, at length constitute a serious portion of time, it seems equally clear that the error in the Gregorian period, or new style, has now reached a quantum sufficient to cause the wrong appointment of the ensuing Easter.

The mistake arises from all the ecclesiastical tables laying down the full-moon for the *twenty-first* of March next, instead of the true time, by astronomical calculation, at 44 minutes past 2 p. m. on the *twenty-second*, which is a Sunday; and as the Church directs, that "Easter Day, (on which the rest of the Moveable Feasts and Holidays depend) is always to be the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after, the 21st day of March; and if the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter-day is the Sunday after;" it consequently happens, that Easter Sunday is fixed for the very day of the full moon, which ought to have indicated it for the ensuing Sunday, according to the church rule, had the calculation been correct, as it is defective.

Proposals for forming an infallible table, and several other points alluded to, deserve consideration; but we have said enough to attract notice to this

publication, and to say more would be misplaced, since the work itself is so completely within the reach of all readers.

ACCOUNT OF GREENLAND. *From a Journal of a Voyage to Greenland, and of a seven-years Residence between the 60th and 77th degrees of north latitude. By Carl Ludwig Metzler Gieseke, a native of Augsburg, and now Professor of Mineralogy at Dublin.*

Gieseke left Copenhagen on the 19th of April 1806, on board his majesty's Greenland ship the *Frühling* (the Spring), Captain Kettelsen, and arrived on the 31st of May, in the colony of Friederich's Haab (Frederick's Hope). He travelled along the whole coast, from Cape Favvel (Farewell) to the most northern *Esablink* (from 60° to 79°) *Vierwohl*: left Greenland on the 16th of August, 1813, and arrived on the 19th of September at Leith, in Scotland. His winters' abode in Greenland, was three winters at Gedt Haab (Good Hope) in 65°, three winters at Godhave (Good Garden) on Disko Island, in 70°, and one winter at Omenak, in 73°. The maximum of the winter's cold, was the freezing of quicksilver; that of the summer heat, 24° of Reaumur. The immense glacier, which traverses the country from north to south, cuts it, as may be said, in two halves, and by its astonishing clefts and abysses, baffles every attempt to cross the country, from the west to the east coast. This glacier is in many places about 100 fathoms thick, and in many parts of the coast, extends, becoming gradually flatter, down to the sea; by it are formed the marine caverns at Ujuraz-soak, Inglorpsit, which present picturesque views.

The country affords the botanists only alpine plants, mosses, and lichens. No tree rears its head; the dwarf birch, and the arctic willows (*salix reticulata*, *myrrhinites sal.*) creep with difficulty, seeking protection from the wind and cold between broken fragments of stone. Only the Greenlanders can eat the leaves and roots of the *rhodiola rosea*, the knots of the polygonum viviparum, the flowers and leaves of the *saxifraga oppositifolia*. But the European, when pressed by hunger, eats with him the oxalis, the angelica, the cochlearia, the *vaccinium uliginosum*, and the *vaccinium myrtillus*.* The natives, bowed down by the severity of the climate, do not attain longevity; 50 years is a very great age among them. They belong to the Mongol race; the women have, on an average, only three or four children; but they bear with great ease. The natives are of a yellowish complexion, have black, thick, stiff hair; their lips are

* The original has, for these two last, *Rausch-beere*, and *Blaubeere*; we believe they are the bilberry, or whortleberry, perhaps the cranberry.

thick, their eyes jet-black and small, but penetrating. Their hands and feet are small, and well shaped. Their stature seldom exceeds five feet; the women are not perceptibly shorter, and as strong, being hardened by labour: for they cover boats, build houses, assist in the fishery near home, and do all kinds of work, except such as is more remote. Except very long hair (Gieseke saw women whose hair was three ells (about six feet) long) they have no beauty in any respect, not even a good shape; and they lose the freshness of youth in their first childhood.

They always live as near as possible to the strand, because the cold is there more moderate, and for the sake of catching seals. Except their dogs, they have no cattle; these dogs, which serve them for horses and beasts of burden, live on the refuse of fish, which they find on the coast, and often on the alga marina. They are wild and savage, attack strangers, are faithful to their masters, but ill tempered, and never caressing. The sea-shore is throughout rocky and full of cliffs; no proper meadows between, but turf moor, a soil covered with sour grass, which every where sinks in; but there is moss enough, and on the rocks a great quantity of lichens, of various and beautiful colours, thick, and of luxuriant growth; thyme and angelica fill the solitary plains with perfume. The waterfalls of the great glacier descend magnificently into the sea between the rocks, clothed with richly coloured mosses.

The inhabitants build their houses almost always in the nooks of rocks, and leaning against the rocks. The mica-slate (glimmer-schiefer) which is easily split into tables, furnishes them with the materials; of this they build walls, with alternate layers of turf, which they line inside with moss: the roof is of bushes interwoven, (as they are wholly destitute of wood, and the ships seldom bring any) which they cover flat with turf. This miserable roof seldom affords shelter, and must be frequently renewed. A small square low room forms the inside of the dwelling; generally 15 feet square, in which often twenty people live day and night! The window openings are covered with the entrails of seals; a long passage of stone and turf, but so narrow and low, that only one person can crawl through at a time, leads to this den; before and near it, all the dirt and refuse of the seals is piled up, to keep them warmer. The beds of the rich consist of moss and seal skins; the poor lie on the bare ground. They never make fire, because they have neither roofs nor chimneys; but their train oil lamps serve them for warmth and for cookery. The seal's flesh is soon stewed, in pots which hang by straps of seal skin. It is very hot in these huts or dens, the filthiness of which is horrible!

They are utterly destitute of forethought; thus, when they have been uncommonly successful in catching fish or seals, they do not bury the overplus in the snow against a time of need; hence they often

suffer want in the long winters. They have no scurvy, though they neglect the wholesome cochlearia; but they seldom have salt, and do not like it.

Their love to their children is boundless! they not only never punish them, but patiently suffer themselves, without exception, to be struck by them; the children (and this is surely a proof of a good disposition) become notwithstanding, when they are grown up, affectionate and obedient to their parents. The men never beat their wives, are not jealous, and have no reason to be so, except when Europeans land, whose attentions to their ugly partners they consider as the greatest honour.

The Greenlanders cannot live out of their own country, and die pining away after their icy shores. A fifth part of the people, thinly scattered along the coast, are still heathens. The Christians, as they are called, are not distinguished by more refined ideas or morality. Those who are not Christians have scarcely a glimmering of abstract ideas. They do not adore an omnipotent good being, but an omnipotent evil being; they therefore believe in sorcery, and are extremely superstitious. They bend the heads of the dead upon the knee, lay them between split slates, in a kind of square chest, and pile a great quantity of stones upon them, that dogs and foxes may not devour the corpses. They sometimes put in the grave some delicacy which the deceased was particularly fond of when alive; thus Gieseke saw a seal's head laid in the stone chest. They are not much acquainted with brandy, but love it extravagantly, are easily intoxicated, and then beat their wives and children.

When the sun returns after the long night, they hail it with dances and cries of joy, and call these days only, *the feast*. They have no kind of tradition, but in the long nights compose a kind of stories of ghosts, &c. which are always forgotten, and succeeded by new ones. They dread and avoid the places where any one is buried. The increasing depopulation of this coast dates from the time when the Europeans brought them the small-pox and another disease: all cutaneous disorders are very dangerous in this climate. Their greatest delicacies are the eggs of the birds of passage and water-fowl; but these cannot be kept, because the birds appear in the hot months of May, June, and July; they are also very fond of the blue muscle, which the sea throws on their shores in great quantities. They pass the long night in a state between dreaming and waking; they sleep, wake, and eat, during this time, without regard to time and order.

As the traveller is a zealous mineralogist, and pupil of Werner, the world may expect a rich harvest of mineralogical and geological facts, as well as some meteorological phenomena, and barometrical observations. It is particularly observable, that the transitions to the kinds of primitive mountains prevailing here, *gneiss*, &c. are entirely wanting, as also that the tra-

veller met with, first between the 70th and 77th degrees of north latitude, immense beds of basalt, piled in prismatic pillars. That species of calcareous rock which contains petrifications, is wholly wanting; but the calcareous rock of the Appenines and Mount Jura, is frequent, and the transitions to Carrara marble are also found. A circumstance which greatly astonished was, that the northern lights were frequent between 60° and 65°; but the nearer Gieseke came to the north pole, the more rare did they become, and at last disappeared entirely.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The following is a copy of a very curious letter from Sir William Herbert, of St. Julian's, in Monmouthshire, father-in-law to the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, to a gentleman of the name of Morgan, in the same county. [N.B. The original is in the British Museum.]

SIR,

Peruse this letter in God's name: be not disquieted: I reverence your hoary hair. Altho' in your son I find too much folly and lewdness, yet in you I expect gravity and wisdom. It hath pleased your son, late of Bristol, to deliver a challenge to a man of mine, on the behalf of a gentleman (as he said) as good as myself; who he was, he named not; neither do I know. But if he be as good as myself, it must either be for virtue, for birth, for ability; or for calling and dignity. For virtue I think he meant not; for it is a thing which exceeds his judgement. If for birth, he must be the heir of an earl; the heir in blood to ten earles; for, in testimony thereof, I bear their several coats. Besides, he must be of the blood Royal; for, by my grandmother Devereux, I am lineally and legitimately descended out of the body of Edward the Fourth. If for ability, he must have a thousand pounds a year in possession, a thousand pound a year more in expectation, and must have some thousands in substance besides. If for calling and dignity, he must be a knight, and lord of several seignories in several kingdoms, and likewise of his county, and a Councillor of a province. Now, to lay all circumstances aside, be it known to your son, or to any man else, that if there be any one who beareth the name of a gentleman, and whose words are of reputation in his county, that doth say, or dare say, that I have done unjustly, spoken an untruth, stained my credit and reputation in the matter, or in any matter else wherein your son is exasperated, I say he lieth in his throat, and my sword shall maintain my word upon him in any place or province where-soever he dare, and I stand not sworn to observe the peace. But if they be such as are within my governance, and over whom I have no authority, I will, for their reformation, chastise them with justice; and, for their malapert misdemeanor, bind them

to their good behaviour. Of this sort I account your son, and his like; against whom I will shortly issue my warrant, if this my warning doth not reform them; and so I thought fit to advertize you hereof, and leave you to God.

I am, &c.

WM. HERBERT.

D.

JOURNEY TO MOUNT ETNA.

(Concluded.)

The following day, at seven in the morning, we were waked by the bright beams of the sun; the sky was serene, and blue. A perpendicular column of smoke rose from Etna into the air. We got ourselves ready in haste, and, to the astonishment of the good Gemmellaro, and every body at Nicolosi, we were mounted in an hour for the third time, to try our fortune once more against the volcano, which had hitherto been so impracticable to our wishes. Accompanied by the friendly, sensible, and bold guide, Antonino Barbagallo, we left Nicolosi, and rode without stopping past the lava beds, to the Goat's Cavern, at the end of the woody region. Here, under the agreeable shade of the oaks, we took a slight breakfast; the lovely green of the forest, blended with the purest azure of the heavens, and a shepherd played romantic airs on his flute, while his nimble goats grazed on a little spot, in the middle of the once fluid ocean of fire; the dark blue sea, mingled in the distance with the placid sky—Oh! what delight then filled our souls! The faithful mules carried us again through the intricate lava paths into the desert regions; but this time we passed without visiting the fatal Grotto del Castelluccio, to the house of Gemmellaro, sometimes full of apprehension, as the clouds began again to cross one another rapidly; but yet there were moments when the sky was quite clear and serene.

Here, at Gemmellaro's house, we already enjoyed a part of the heavenly prospect which awaited us, over the sea and the whole island. The clouds floated rapidly in large masses, as if to a battle; every thing was in commotion, and, most of all, our souls. Our excellent Antonino contrived to prepare for us, in haste, a little dinner. We soon had the snow and lava fields, at the foot of the immense ash cone, behind us, and now actually ascended it; a troublesome way, as at every step we sunk in the loose volcanic sand, losing almost as much back as we gained forwards; but joy gave us wings. Already we had passed over the beds of yellow sulphur; already the ground under us began to feel hot in places, and to smoke out of many hundred little craters; while round the summit itself the clouds sometimes collected in thick masses, and sometimes allowed us to see clearly the grand object of our wishes. At last the guide, who was some steps before us, called out, "Behold here the highest crater:" these words gave us

new speed, and in a few minutes we stood at the brink of this smoking caldron, the mouth of which has vomited forth mountains, some of which are larger than Vesuvius, or the Brock-en in Germany.

We instantly determined to descend into the crater, and though our resolute guide assured us beforehand, that it would now be impossible, as the smoke did not rise perpendicularly, but filled the crater, he was willing to make a trial. We followed him a little way, but the thick, almost palpable sulphureous vapour, soon involved us in a thick night, and would have burst the strongest lungs.

We then went up to the southern horn, and here lay astonished on the hot sulphur, amidst smoke, vapours, and thunder. The hot ashes burned us, the sulphureous vapours stifled us, the storm threatened to hurl us into the abyss; our souls were scarcely equal to the irresistible force of the sublimest impressions. In the valleys beneath, full of black lava and white snow, and over the bright surface of the sea, which looked like a plane of polished steel, and seemed to lean obliquely to the sky, immense hosts of clouds sailed slowly along; but when they came near to the volcano, the furious hurricane, in which we could scarcely keep our feet, seized them, and precipitated them with gigantic force ten thousand feet down on the plains and seas of Sicily and Italy. We then proceeded round the edge of the crater to the northern horn: and here enjoyed a prospect, which in sublimity, and overpowering grandeur, doubtless exceeds any thing that the faculties of man can conceive. The clouds of smoke rose from the crater, where the raging storm, which, like artillery, or innumerable bells, drowned every other sound, rent them asunder, and, with the rapidity of lightning, threw them into the abyss below. The pointed cone on which we stood was covered with a yellow sulphur, white salt, and black ashes. The sun appeared very strange through the yellow sulphur, and gave to this singular picture such a terrible and savage tone, that in looking only at the objects immediately surrounding us, we could not help fancying ourselves in the horrid dominion of the prince of the infernal hosts. Everywhere we beheld the war of the elements, desolation, and conflagration: nowhere a living creature, or even a blade of grass, which these contending elements had spared. What a scene must it be, when the volcano throws the column of smoke and fire, which it perhaps raises from the bottom of the sea, twenty thousand feet towards the heavens!

But if we turn our eyes to the distance, it really seems as if we beheld here all the magnificence of the earth at our feet. We overlook the vast mountain, which has itself risen out of the earth, and has produced around itself many hundred smaller ones, clothed in dark brown;—the purest azure sky reposes over the land and sea;—the triangle of Sicily stretches its points

towards Italy and Africa; and we saw the sea flow round Cape Trapani. At our feet lay the bold rocks of the Eolian Islands, and from Stromboli a vast column of smoke rose above the waves. The Neptunian and Hercynian mountains, covered with the thickest forests, extended before our eyes in all their branches over the whole island. To the east we saw, as on a large map, the whole of Calabria, the Gulf of Tarento, and the Straits of Messina. But how is it possible to excite, in the mind of a person at a distance, even a faint conception of the innumerable brilliant colours of the sky, the earth, and the sea, which here almost dazzle the eye?

After we had contemplated this astonishing scene for about two hours, we quickly descended the cone to Gemmellaro's house, where we made the happiest triumphal repast that was any where celebrated at that moment,—at least at so great an elevation. Antonino then sent the sumpter horses down to the Grotto del Castelluccio by the other guide; but we ourselves took the direction to the west, all with closed eyes, led by our guide, to the brink of the Val del Bue. We have already observed that this most horrid abyss that ever our eyes beheld, was caused by a subterranean torrent of lava, which undermined all the mountains that stood above it;—hence the infernal brown-red colours of this precipice, which is many miles in length; and though we could not see any trace of vegetation, yet the diversity of tints was infinite. We rolled down large blocks of lava, but they broke into dust before they had fallen one half of the dreadful way, and we did not hear them strike in their descent. Compared with this horrid cleft of the lava, even the abyss of the Rhine at the Viamala, in the Grisons, is pleasant and agreeable. Here we look, as it were, into the heart of desolation. While we were still contemplating this extraordinary valley, Etna itself prepared for us a new and wonderful sight. As the sun was descending into the western sea, the gigantic shadow of the volcano projected for many miles over the blue sea, towards Italy, and then rose, like an enormous pyramid, high in the air, on the hedge of the horizon, so that the stars seemed to sparkle upon its summit.

So ended this richest and happiest day of our journey, and perhaps of our lives. We then mounted our mules, which brought us in safety over the rugged fields of lava, in profound darkness, about midnight, to Nicolosi, where the worthy Gemmellaro waited for us with impatience. Transported with our success, we filled him also with the greatest pleasure, and it was not possible for us to go to sleep. We spent the greater part of the night rejoicing with him and our brave Antonio Barbagallo.

We cannot subjoin a better Appendix to this very interesting description of one of the most magnificent scenes in Nature,

than the following Observations from the pen of our Countryman, whose physical powers (as related in the *Literary Gazette* of the 17th instant) did not enable him to prosecute the arduous enterprise in which his German companions at length succeeded:—

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*,

No. 50, Stafford Place, Piccadilly,
21st Jan. 1819.

Sir,
As I have the honour to be the Englishman referred to in an account of a "Journey to Mount Etna," in your excellent *Journal of Saturday last*, and being in possession of many notes and memoranda made at the time, respecting my tour through Sicily, I take the liberty of handing to you some of them which relate to the said mountain, and have the honour to remain,

Yours most obedient Servant,
GEORGE RUSSELL.

OBSERVATIONS made by MR. GEORGE RUSSELL in ascending Mount Etna, on the 30th and 31st May 1815.

	O'Clock.	Degrees Fahrenheit.
Temperature at Catania in the first, or Pionon-tine Region - - -	Noon	76
At Nicolosi, the last village in ascending the mountain, on the side of Catania, situated about 2750 feet above the level of the sea -	3½ P. M.	87
Commencement of the second, or the Nemovosa Region - - -	6	66
Commencement of the third, or the Nervosa Region - - -	11½	57
At the Grotto del Castelluccio - - -	2 A. M.	50
Upon the snow and lava, about 1000 paces from the Casa Inglese, and within 1000 feet, in height, of the Cima, or top of the crater - -	4	44
Water boils on the natural or sea level -	5½	33
Do. at the Grotto del Castelluccio - -		212
Do. within the crater - - -		200
		190

OBSERVATIONS made by the "Three German Gentlemen," on the 2d of June, 1815, and communicated by them to Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL, who remained too much indisposed to re-attempt the ascent of Mount Etna.

	O'Clock.	Degrees Fahrenheit.
Nicolosi - - -	8 A. M.	63
Commencement of the second Region - -	9	61
At the Grotto del Castelluccio - - -	12 or Noon	56
At the Casa Inglese - -	1½ P. M.	52
At the Cima, or top of the crater - - -	3½ P. M.	31 sett.
Do. - - -		29½ stand.
Do. - - -	4 P. M.	28 ditto.

The circumference of Mount Etna, about 120 miles.
The height above the level of the sea, agreeably to trigonometrical observations made in the

Plains of Catania, in the year 1756, about 14,889 feet.

The distance traversed in ascending from Catania to the cima of the mountain, about 30 miles.

The diameter of the crater at the summit or cima, about 2,600 feet.

The form conical, running on three sides into the sea, and on the fourth almost insulated.

The number of persons inhabiting the sides of the mountain, upwards of 300,000.

The extent of view from the summit embraces generally the whole of Sicily, the Lipari Islands, Calabria, Malta, and the Adriatic and Mediterranean Seas, extending itself over a radius of about 165 miles.

EMENDATION OF MILTON.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—We all remember the following lines in Milton's celebrated Address to Light, at the commencement of his third book of *Paradise Lost*:—

"But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

Of this passage Dr. Pearce says, "Perhaps we should read and point the passage thus:—

"Presented with a universal blank;
All Nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,"

that is, "All Nature's works being, in respect to the universal blank or absence of light from me, expunged to me and ras'd."

Dr. Newton adds, "It is to be wished that some such emendation as this was admitted. It clears the syntax, which at present is very much embarrassed. All Nature's works being to me expung'd and ras'd, and wisdom at one entrance quite shut out, is plain and intelligible; but otherwise it is not easy to say what the conjunction and copulates wisdom to."

In reply to these two critics, Mr. Todd, in his late edition, assures us that "there is little difficulty in this passage, if we consider wisdom as the genitive case—of Nature's works and of wisdom, &c."

But in this proposition Mr. Todd has fallen into a *chute*, which it is strange should have escaped so accurate a critic. His reading is, "An universal blank of wisdom at one entrance quite shut out." Now, how it can be an universal blank, and yet excluded at only one entrance, I leave to Mr. Todd to explain. With humble confidence I would propose that the *And* copulates to *But* in the 45th line, as thus: "But, instead of the return of the seasons, &c. cloud and ever-during dark, and wisdom at one entrance quite shut out, surrounds me," or "is my lot;" the rest of the sentence being taken parenthetically. As any rate, whatever becomes of my proposition, and it is very slightly urged, Mr. Todd's must fall to the ground.

I am, Sir, &c.

B.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, JAN. 24.—Thursday the following gentlemen were admitted to degrees:—

DOCTOR IN CIVIL LAW.

The Rev. John Brereton, of New College.

BACHELOR IN DIVINITY.

The Rev. John Noble Shipton, of Balliol College.

MASTERS OF ARTS.

Mr. John William King, Scholar of Corpus Christi College.

Mr. Henry Shrubbs, Scholar of Corpus Christi College.

Mr. Edwin Jacob, Scholar of Corpus Christi College.

Rev. Stephen Hyde Cassan, of Magdalen Hall.

Rev. Thomas Shore, Scholar of Wadham College.

Rev. Samuel Wootton Perkins, of Wadham College.

BACHELOR OF ARTS.

Mr. William Greswell, of Brasenose College.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ALISMA PLANTAGO.

(For the Cure of Hydrophobia.)

We have already called the attention of the Public and of the Faculty to the *Alisma Plantago*, of which a drawing is annexed; and which is at present the subject of general investigation upon the continent, as a specific for the cure of hydrophobia. Whether it possesses the qualities attributed to it in Russia and Germany, or not, we have discharged our duty in producing not only a written description of it, and the assertions respecting its healing powers, but also a picture of the plant itself, for which we are much indebted to the correspondent; extracts from whose letter, accompanying the drawing, we also subjoin.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—In compliance with the wish expressed in one of the Numbers of the *LITERARY GAZETTE*, by a Correspondent, I have sent for your acceptance a drawing of the reputed valuable plant *Alisma Plantago*. I regret much that I am not enabled to give a figure of a more perfect specimen; yet this may serve to give some idea of the character of the plant. It grows, I may venture to say, in most parts of Suffolk, certainly with us in great abundance, to the height of two feet above the surface of ponds and ditches, bearing white flowers, inclining more or less to a purplish tinge, from the middle of June to August. I have endeavoured to express the form of the seed-vessel, so that the plant may be known after its flowers have ceased to exist. I am acquainted with no species of *Alisma* that at all resembles this in habit; therefore it must be known at a glance. For specific minutiae, your Correspondent

cannot do better than refer to Dr. Smith's "Flora Britannica," or to "Withering's English Botany;" he will receive information from either.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
JUVENIS.



The following paragraph appeared in the Times Newspaper subsequent to our former notice:—

"The celebrated Dr. Frank has sent a considerable quantity of the roots of *Alisma Plantago* to the hospitals of the Duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, inviting the physicians to make trials of that root on persons attacked with hydrophobia. It is known that a popular opinion prevails in Russia, that this root is an infallible remedy in that frightful distemper, and it infinitely interests humanity to ascertain whether or not this opinion be well founded."

To this we think it proper to add, without remark on our parts, the only other notification on the subject which has met our inquiries.

On the Alisma Plantago Aquatica Linn. as a Remedy for the Bite of a Mad Dog, and the Hydrophobia ensuing from it. By Dr. and Professor HARLESS, of Erlangen.

The accounts lately received from Russia of the efficacy of the root of the *Alisma Plantago*, in the cure of the hydrophobia, have attracted the attention of the members of our Physical and Medical Society, in their October meeting. M. Martius, apothecary to the court, had taken pains to investigate the nature of this root, which grows wild in abundance in our parts, and the proper method of preparing it. As this root, which he produced, has, when fresh, a striking resemblance in the taste and smell to the *Calamus Arom.* and in some degree to the *Iris florent.* and, when moderately pressed, gives out a white, milky, clammy juice, to which a great part of its efficacy may probably be attributed (though another part may be found in the more solid substance of the root, and consequently in the powder) M. Martius thought that the preparation and use of the remedy in its fresh state, might be more effectual than the powder, hitherto prescribed. He therefore made a conserve, composed of one-third of the fresh root grated, and two-thirds sugar, duly mixed together. The members found that this conserve had entirely the smell and taste of the root, and by no means disagreeable, only the after-taste is rather sharp and bitter. It is probable this conserve may, like others, retain its efficacy for half a year, or longer. This preparation, therefore, seems to deserve attention, though the use of the powder, carefully prepared from the fresh root, slowly dried, should not be neglected. I would also particularly recommend a saturated tincture of the root. To prepare this tincture, it would perhaps be best to employ the roots carefully dried in the shade in hot weather. To one part of the root, cut small, or coarsely pounded, I should add eight or ten parts of rectified spirits of wine, and distil it for five or six days. I intend to say something more, for the use of medical men, in the Medical Journal, respecting this remedy, and its pharmaceutical and therapeutic character, according to which it must be placed in the same class as Valerian Calamus, Celtis Austr. &c. I must remark, that however desirable the discovery of a remedy for that most dreadful of all disorders the hydrophobia may be, we must not place our hopes too confidently in that now announced, till a sufficient number of authentic experiments, made by men of real science, have been instituted;—and if, as every one must wish, we should receive more and authentic cases of the preventive efficacy of this root, taken before the hydrophobia really breaks out (and we are informed, by written communications from Russia, coming from a most respectable and credible source, that dogs, when bit, instinctively look for this root); yet still the simultaneous application of the

greatest and most certain of all antidotes to hydrophobia, viz. the cauterizing of the part bitten, can hardly be superseded and rendered unnecessary. When the hydrophobia has really broken out, phosphorus and arsenic (according to the remarkable experiments made with them by the late Dr. Zinke, at Kahla) seem worthy of particular attention; but of course only in the hands of able physicians. For the rest, the *Alisma Plantago*, as a remedy for the bite of mad dogs, and of other poisonous animals, is by no means a new remedy. Dioscorides knew and recommended it; and Pliny, lib. x. says expressly of it, *Prodest ad omnes bestiarum morus illita et pota*. At a later period it was recommended by Marcellus Empiricus; and in the 16th century by the great Cæsalpinus.

MOSAIC PAVEMENTS.

Rome, January 2.—The Duchess of Chablais having employed workmen to dig in search of antiquities at the country-seat which she inhabits, they have discovered, on the summit of a hill, four square chambers, of different sizes, adorned with Mosaic pavements. In the first, the pavement is not remarkable, except for its fine compartments. In the second is seen, in the middle, a Greek Menander, surrounded by stars, differing from each other by the enamel of their colours. In the third, besides the merit of the Mosaic, there is in the centre Ulysses bound to the mast of a ship; on a shoal is placed a rowler, and a syren with a lyre in her hand. On the other side, Scylla having the upper part formed like a woman, and the lower terminating in three dogs' heads, which devour three carcasses: she has an oar in her hand, and beats these animals. On the right of Scylla, a little cupid is flying on a tiger;—a woman, pointing to a sea-monster, holds a veil in her hands, which, inflated by the wind, floats over her head. In the fourth, numerous fish, of different species, adorn the Mosaic, which is inclosed in a border, handsomely ornamented. Ulysses is again seen; the magician Circe appears to him: it seems that the hero has forgotten Penelope. At the four angles are little subjects alluding to the adventures of Ulysses; and on the four sides are represented birds of different species.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION

Will open on Monday with a numerous collection of the works of living British Artists. We have only been able to take a general glance at the Gallery; from which we think we may pronounce that it is equal, if not superior in merit, to any Exhibition which has preceded. We noticed particularly a very noble picture of Uriel, by Allston;—it is a prodigious advance, even in his promising talents; and we

were gratified to hear that the Institution had immediately purchased this grand and imposing Work. We were also attracted by some very beautiful landscapes. Jerusalem during the Crucifixion, by Hoffland, has great merit. There is a very fine view of Windsor, by Samuel; and several sweet little pieces of Nature, by two young artists of the names (as we believe, for the Catalogues were not printed) of Stark and Vincent, both from Norwich. We were pleased to see so much excellence in persons new to us, and may compliment Norfolk on thus starting to contest the palm with Devon. Collins has a pretty thing of the Boulevards, among others worthy of his pencil.—A graceful landscape by Steele, a strange but finely coloured subject by Ward, R. A. (not new),—two admirable Wilkies,—a clever imitation of Stothard, the Plitch of Bacon, by Wright,—and many others, which only necessity causes us to pass over in this hurried general sketch until we go regularly through the Gallery—constitute a whole, which does no discredit to our Native School, and will be viewed with complacency by the lovers of British talent.

OUTLINE, preparatory to the Print of the *Kemble Family, from the Painting by Harlow, the Trial of Queen Catherine, from Shakespeare's Henry VIII.*

"Where are the actors of the last year's scene?"

"They sleep, who kept the world awake!"

YOUNG.

Although the author of the "Night Thoughts" was doubtless apostrophizing the actors upon the grand theatre of life, and the allusion has been sufficiently felt of late, we may yet be permitted to make the application to the persons

"Who strut and fret their hour upon the stage."

Those who occupy so large a share of public attention, and who contribute so much of our rational entertainment, and who may have so large an influence on public morals, must not, will not, soon be forgotten; at least, we may be allowed to cherish their remembrance, and, by the hand of the artist, continue their fame, and give to posterity the form and features of those who have distinguished themselves in the best, or any age of the British drama.

There is great pleasure in looking upon the portraits of those who caused the tear of sympathy to steal down the cheek, or the burst of grief to swell the heart of our progenitors; and few likenesses, even of the most exalted personages, interest so much as those comic phizzes which shook the sides of our grandfathers and grandmothers in the time of their youth, when play-going was no every-day enjoyment. It is, therefore, very agreeable to us to notice the production of this assemblage of dramatic portraits.

It is not intended here to go into any critical discussion on the merits of the painting which was exhibited last year at

the Royal Academy; it will be sufficient to say, that the outline before us is one of the best assurances of a successful finish we have ever seen. The likenesses, in this slight state of preparatory outline, appear to be admirable; and we congratulate the artists whose joint powers are shewn in such a promise. Mr. Clint, the engraver, who executes this print in mezzotinto, is himself an excellent artist, and unites every requisite quality for the performance of such a task in the style of which it is worthy.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MOSS ROSE.

(From the German.)

'Beauty when unadorn'd,' &c. &c.

The Angel of the flowers, one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,
That Spirit—to whose charge is given,
To bathe young buds in dew from heaven,
Awaking from his light repose,
The Angel whisper'd to the Rose:
"O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair,
For the sweet shade thou'st given to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
"Then," said the Rose, with deepen'd glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The Spirit paused, in silent thought,
What grace was there that flower had not!
'Twas but a moment—o'er the Rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that Rose exceed?

ISABEL.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

MR. EDITOR,

The inclosed poem, hitherto confined to private circulation, I have taken the liberty to forward for insertion in your interesting work, having first obtained the author's consent to its appearance.

You will no doubt agree with me, that it possesses great beauties as well as sublimities, with some few defects, no doubt, resulting from haste

Yours, &c.

C. W.

DEDICATORY STANZAS TO MARY.

BY CHANDOS LEIGH.

Robust October comes—brown exercise,
Blythe sport, and health's unforced vitalities,
Welcome the green age of the passing year:—
There's freshness in the air—the sky is clear;
The "rich-hair'd youth of morn" with deepen'd glow

Mellows his splendour on the world below.
Now all things feel the exuberance of life;
My muse, with most exulting feelings rife,
Is sprightly up; and as the lark upsprings,
She wantons with that joyous bird, and sings.

Soul of my soul, my MARY, how my heart
Leaps at thy name with unaccustom'd glee!
To be for ever near thee, where thou art,
I'd hug my chains, and never would be free;

The future, present, center'd all in thee.
Thy genius, wonderful beyond thy years,
Each liberal science woos most lovingly;
Thy voice—how that has charm'd me! that endears,
Sweet "child of song," to me a life which sorrow wears.

To share each other's joys—to live, indeed,
In our own little world of happiness,
With interchange of thought, as time may need;
To brighten fancy—make our labours less;
To give and to return the warm caress;
To visit distant realms (not both unknown);
To be each other's helpmates in distress;
To laugh through mutual aid at fortune's frown—
That were a bliss, indeed, which few can call their own!

My gilded vanities—but they are past,—
I'll think of them no more—they drive me mad!
Hymen, I'll prize thy golden lamp at last:—
Thou, only thou, can'st make my bosom glad,
Since late through constant grief my brow was sad!

'Tis not in grandeur-pampering saloon
That real happiness is to be had;
It is the mind, the mind that gives the boon;—
This is exempl'd well by ev'ry rustic loon.

Nor splendid portraiture, nor beds of state,
Nor the rich ceiling's gay magnificence;
Nor sumptuousness of feasts, nor mazy plate,
Nor all the vain adornments of expense;
Nor marble statues; though CANOVA'S, whence
Beauty an almost breathing charm puffs forth;
Nor heads of bronze, that seem inform'd with sense,

Can give to sorrowing hearts a moment's mirth,
Or soften down the pangs of care-worn sons of earth!

"Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow,"
Thought doth pervade the universe; we seem
More than this world can circumscribe to know;
Yet is our life but one protracted dream;
For moralizing fools an endless theme.
He, whom gaunt evil smites, whose days, though few,
In thought are numberless, he well may deem
That under Heaven there is nought that's new:
His sole delight at length fair Nature's scenes to view.

What is the pomp of art to him who loves
On Chimborazo's height to breathe keen air?
Or with a HUMBOLDT fortunately roves
Through forests deep;—though all is savage there,
Yet Nature seems to him for ever fair:—
As near the river's slow majestic course,
Onwards he roves, forgetful of past care,
His soul mounts up unto that very source
Whence all existence springs, with an unusual force!

Eternity—how wonderful it is!
A shoreless Ocean—nothing, every thing.
To be for ever what I shall be; this
Far, far exceeds the mind's imagining!
Though it would soar for ever on the wing,
To reach a KEPLER'S, NEWTON'S height—'tis vain.

Yet some will dream of a perpetual spring:
These dreams perchance may please a vacant brain,
But in our sober mood are quitted with disdain!

See CÆSAR baffled by a little state!
Such is the will of Him who doth command
Empires to rise, decay, regenerate;
Who weigheth worlds as balls within his hand:

Whose wrath not hell's fierce legions may withstand!

Who is enthron'd in light, Ancient of Days!
The pure intelligence, whose wisdom plann'd
This universal frame—His be the praise—
Creatures of clay, to Him your loud thanksgivings raise!

The mind that well doth exercise its powers,
Shall to the perfect beauty be allied;
When from this grosser frame released, it towers
Above the reach of earth-born care or pride:
Yet must it be through ages purified,
Ere it can live near God's eternal throne,
Ere it can bask in glory's sun'nous tide;
That sun of seas, unmingled and alone,
Whose everlasting light on earth has never shone!

The Godhead dwells with thee, thou blessed one,
COWPER, though some deride thy pious song,
Too pure for them; the sun of genius shone
On thy immortal mind, that scor'd the throng
Of busy triflers, as they moved along, [fair
Fretting themselves with brain-born dreams that
Man's proudest hopes; to thy sweet verse belong
Those soothing strains, that bid the violent jar
Of passions cease, and still the bosom's inward war!

Oh, could we seek, my MARY, those bright fates
Where 'tis a sensual pleasure even to breathe;
Where Nature in her classic livery smiles,
And gives to BYRON'S muse a deathless wreath;
Where youth is life, age slumbers into death;
Where bowers to meditation dear abound;
Where glow the heavens above, the flowers beneath;

Where every nook is consecrated ground;
And songs of other times float in the air around!

Then might appear to us dear Liberty,
But in a dream, (whole hosts before her driven)—
A sun-beam is her spear; she strikes, and see
Its touch consumeth like the burning Levin—
Or like a comet hurt'd to earth from heaven!
A fierce disdain is flashing from her eye—
Thus look'd Apollo, when, asunder riven,
The monster serpent wreath'd in agony,
Then all convulsed, at length expired with hideous cry!

She triumphs now! a laureate hand attend
Her steps; while ÆSCHYLUS awakes the lyre!
Before her now the mighty masters bend:
A slave's no man, thus sings their Godlike Sire;
His strains the whole triumphant choir inspire.
O glorious sight! And is it all a dream?
No—no. Columbia has her souls of fire;
The dawning light of science there doth gleam;
There Poets must arise, since Liberty's the theme!

I woo thee, Mary, with no love-sick lay,
But daring hopes—ah! to thine, sweet maid,
Heed not what wretched tale-bearers will say;
Be thou my friend, my soul is undismay'd!
Ambition both our destinies has sway'd—
My fair confessor, many were my crimes,
As Slander, curious of my bliss, has said—
Yet here they are embodied in my rhymes;
My virtues may be known perchance in after times.

Together, dearest, we will watch the star
Of Science bearing ever o'er our heads,
Brighter, and brighter still, in peace, in war.
Its light a fresh supply of glory sheds;
No sanguine mist of tyranny it deals—
While PLAYFAIR'S, DAVY'S, bless its heavenly ray,
And Chemistry's young genius Gains weads;
Creation's wonders have a full display, [day!
And secrets yet unborn may soon be brought to
October, 1817.

BIOGRAPHY; AND GENERAL TREATISE ON MUSIC.

[NOTICE: On the LIFE and COMPOSITIONS
of PAISIELLO. By M. QUATREMERRE DE
QUINCY.]

(Concluded.)

At Rome an opinion was now entertained that his talent had degenerated, and that his imagination was, in some measure, chilled by the frigid climate of Russia;—but the degree of temperature had no influence in producing the changes which were at that time observable in his style, and the somewhat novel structure of his compositions. Paisiello, on quitting Italy, and visiting other nations, had become acquainted with foreign literature, and a different system of combining music with dramatic writings.

There are indeed two modes of viewing this combination, of which no model has been transmitted to us by antiquity. All that we know respecting the *Melopée* of the Greeks, the union of song with their declamation, the introduction of chorusses in dramatic action, presents only equivocal models, and problems which require solution. There is certainly ample reason to doubt whether any thing can be found in them at all resembling that which constitutes the principal charm of our modern lyric dramas; namely, the *Aria*, the *air*, or *Solo* of the singer.

Such is the diversity of the conventions, resources, and interests of each of the two arts, which are supposed to be identified in our operas, that it will never be possible to place in its true light a theory which is composed of the most variable elements. It is, however, certain that all agreement in this respect, resembles those transactions in which each individual yields a portion of his claims. Three kinds of union between music and poetry are understood or defined; namely, where the musical interest is subordinate to the dramatic interest;—where the subordinate poetry is merely the subject of the musical picture;—and, finally, where the poet and the musician make reciprocal concessions in an equal proportion. Many are of opinion that, in this hypothesis, both arts are so reduced, that they present only two halves, which are far from being equal to a whole.

Whatever may be the diversity of tastes in the choice of one of these systems, it is necessary to observe that, at the time when Paisiello flourished, the taste for music had in Italy so absorbed every other, that poetic or dramatic interest was looked upon as a very trivial merit in an opera. A routine method regulated the construction, the place, and the manner of every different movement. It may be said that all operas were copied after one uniform pattern. *Airs* of every style, and voices of every pitch, were introduced at the time and place assigned to them by Custom. No doubt these rules had originally been established for very good reasons; and

those who went to hear rather than to see an opera, concerned themselves very little about its monotonous arrangement.

When Paisiello left Italy, he took the liberty of altering this musical etiquette in more than one particular. He frequently shortened, and sometimes altogether suppressed *ritornelli* at the commencement of songs, in order to diminish, as much as possible, the suspension of the action. He broke the monotonous succession of *airs*, by the introduction of chorusses. He made the character of the music closely correspond with the action of the drama. Finally, he was the first composer who ever thought of closing the acts of a serious opera by those grand concerted pieces called *Finales*, and which had before been looked upon as the privileged ornament of comic operas.

Were the powers of music, and the charms of singing, really increased by the greater part of these innovations? This was denied by those amateurs who had not forgotten the touching simplicity of the songs of the old school, and who still retained the impression of the pathetic accents of those melodious singers, whose art, devoid of artifice, had formerly penetrated their souls, and enchanted their ears. Full of these recollections, they accused the new style of departing from the simplicity of sacred models,—of substituting, for that pure beauty which pleases without art, a fictitious kind of art, which sometimes pleases without beauty, and a certain effort at illusion, which is to imitation what coquetry is to love.

It is for future generations to decide on the justice of these reproaches, which were perhaps directed not so much against Paisiello's style of composition, as against the general taste which he appeared to encourage.

Overwhelmed with the favours of Catherine, after a nine-years residence at St. Petersburg, Paisiello departed for Italy. He passed through Warsaw, where the King of Poland engaged him to compose Metastasio's *Oratorio* entitled *The Passion*. He next proceeded to Vienna, at the invitation of Joseph II. at whose request he composed twelve Symphonies, and set to music a drama by the celebrated *Cisti*, entitled *Il Re Teodoro*. The captivating strains of this opera have resounded in every theatre in Europe: the *Finale* never fails to produce, in all who hear it, a sensation the recollection of which is imperishable. A distinguished musician, with regard to this *Finale*, observes, "It is an extraordinary composition from the effect it produces, and still more from its astonishing simplicity. No harmonic effort is observable, and its sublimity is the greater because the means by which it is produced appear to be artificial."

From Vienna Paisiello proceeded to Rome, where, during the Carnival of 1785, he composed the comic opera of *L'Amor ingannato*. The prejudices which have already been mentioned, at first rendered

the success of this piece extremely doubtful. It was listened to with indifference until near the conclusion of the first act, when the interest of the audience was suddenly awakened, and the remainder of the opera became the object of the most rapturous applause. All present seemed anxious to atone for the condemnation they had too hastily pronounced. *Paisiello's* name was triumphantly repeated amidst enthusiastic *Vivats* and *Bravos*: but *Racine* declared that he felt more wounded by the slightest censure than flattered by the highest compliments. Such is human vanity! We receive praise like the payment of a debt, and regard as a theft condemnation, which deprives us of it. *Paisiello* experienced the same sentiments as *Racine*. Nothing could erase the impression caused by this momentary disapproval, and he vowed never to produce another composition in Rome.

Naples afterwards enjoyed almost exclusively the fruits of an imagination the fertility of which seemed to increase with age. That *Paisiello* should have succeeded in maintaining amidst his rivals and fellow-citizens that exalted rank to which he had been raised by the suffrages of all Europe, is not the least glorious circumstance in his long career. The ten years which followed his return to Naples, marked, in the history of his talent, a new series of compositions, both in the grave and comic style; and the continued representations of his operas, among which we cannot forbear distinguishing *La Molenara*, still render it a matter of dispute in every city of Europe, to which of his works the pre-eminence is due.

It has been observed, that the multiplicity of the productions of an artist contribute, more than is generally imagined, in establishing that classic celebrity which inseparably combines the name of the author with that of a single *chef-d'œuvre*. Public opinion is always inclined to centralize in this way its admiration of a great man. There always seems a wish to designate all he has produced by a single word. Hitherto it has been extremely difficult to determine which of *Paisiello's* works deserves to be quoted as his title of glory. At Naples, however, it is generally allowed that *La Nina o la Pazza per amore* richly merits the preference. Of all his compositions, that opera is regarded as the most learned, affecting, simple, varied, and complete in every department of the art; and in future ages *Paisiello's* *Nina* will probably be spoken of like the *Venus of Praxiteles*, or the *Transfiguration of Raphael*.

We have now arrived at that period when the French Revolution spread agitation among the Sovereigns of Italy, and with them banished the sweet tranquillity and taste for relaxation which, in that fertile country, gives birth to the voluptuousness of poetic and musical enthusiasm. Those celebrated schools, the active seminaries of the children of harmony, quickly disap-

peared. The temples no longer resounded with chords of rich and varied modulation. The sacred lyres were either suspended or dashed in pieces. *Paisiello's* muse was mute until the restoration of a momentary tranquillity revived in France, and in the centre of the Revolution a taste for the arts of peace.

Paisiello had, on more occasions than one, been vainly invited to visit Paris. The ambitious Despot who at that period occupied the throne of France, regarded him as the spoil of victory, and he received orders to proceed to Paris.

After the change of taste which had taken place in French music, by the models and the action of the causes which produced it, the state of feeling was no longer the same; there was no further ground for controversy. Every point of comparison was different to what it had previously been. Thus the opera of *Proserpine*, which *Paisiello* composed after his arrival in France, obtained only a negative kind of success. The composer was now somewhat advanced in life, and imagination, the first faculty with which we are endowed, is likewise the first to forsake us. *Paisiello* knew what the interests of his glory demanded. He resolved to incur no new dangers, and accordingly requested permission to quit Paris. His solicitation was immediately acceded to, and he again returned to Naples.

It would be necessary to commence a second notice of *Paisiello's* works, were we only to name the innumerable pieces of church music which he composed at every period, but particularly during the last years of his life. A celebrated cotemporary composer, who enjoyed his friendship, and who, like him, drew the inspirations of his genius from the springs of sacred music, has no hesitation in establishing *Paisiello's* glory on his religious compositions. From the notes he has collected concerning that celebrated man, it appears that he regarded sacred music as holding the highest rank in the art, on account of the object of its destination. He always spoke of it in terms of enthusiasm. He entertained the opinion that Music is never in her true element, except when she elevates herself to the regions of the Divinity. It is then only that her resources rise to an equality with her object. There is then neither convention nor hyperbole. The supernatural becomes the natural, and the most sublime is the most simple. Music, he said, should be styled a *divine art*, for it is the only language which man can conceive as corresponding with his ideas of the divinity. It is indeed by the help of singing that we convey our worship to God;—we do not *speak*, but we *sing*, the wonders of the creation: we sing the praises of the Creator.

Thus religious music, which had initiated *Paisiello* in the mysteries of harmony, diffused over the labours of his latter years the rays of a purer and, perhaps, more lasting glory.

Providence granted him sufficient time to reap, in honours and distinctions, the fruits of a life more laborious than any other musical composer is known to have led. The man whose productions appeared, in the eyes of Europe, to be incalculable, was, in his turn, unable to count the titles of honour with which all nations were anxious to invest him. Every academic society proudly inscribed his name on their list. He was received as a Foreign Member of the Institute of France in the year 1809.

His health continued in a declining state for several years; but a strictly temperate regimen for a long time succeeded in retarding the progress of disease, and prolonged his existence until the 5th of June 1816, when he expired at the age of 76.

His death was a subject of universal lamentation. The powers of every art were combined to perform the honours of his funeral. His loss was deplored by a concert of solemn music, the grandeur of which was scarcely ever equalled. The mass for the dead, which he had himself composed, was performed over his grave. The King ordered *La Pazza per Amore* to be represented at every theatre in Naples; and the whole city, by mingling their tears with those of *Nina*, offered the most affecting tribute of admiration and regret to the memory of the composer. Thus the genius of *Paisiello* presided over the honours which were paid to his mortal remains, and he seemed to be rising from the tomb to sound his own immortality.

A monument is at present erecting to his memory. We know not what inscription public admiration will select for it. There is an ancient statue of *Euripides*, which presents the half-defaced list of 40 of the 75 tragedies composed by the Athenian poet. It might be wished that the only eulogium inscribed on the funeral monument of the Parthenopæan *Orpheus* should be the nomenclature of his works.

Such an epitaph would certainly be at once the longest and most laconic that could possibly be chosen.

To this spirited memoir we may add, from the *Alg. Mus. Zeitung*, of July 23, that the two sisters of the celebrated *Paisiello* are erecting, in the church of *St. Maria la Nova*, a monument to his memory, on which the following lines are to be engraven:—

JOHANNI PAISELLO
Tarentino
Maria et Ippolita
Fratres incomparabiles
Lugentes
Pomerant.

The Gazette of Naples, alluding to this circumstance, observes that the following inscription would be highly appropriate:—
Qui giace Giovanni Paisiello, Autor della "Nina Pazza per Amore."

HER SERENE HIGHNESS THE MARGRAVINE OF BAIREUTH.

This brief notice of a personage so nearly allied to our royal family, will, we hope, prove acceptable.

Her Serene Highness was born at Brunswick the 8th of October, 1737. She was the eldest daughter of the then reigning Duke Charles of Brunswick, and of his consort the daughter of Frederick William, the first King of Prussia. On the 29th of November, 1758, she married the reigning Margrave Frederick of Baireuth, after the death of his first wife, who was a sister of the great Frederick II. King of Prussia; but her consort died without children, on the 16th of February, 1763. On his death, she chose the princely castle at Erlangen for her residence. For the long series of years which has since elapsed, her Serene Highness lived constantly at Erlangen, only making some occasional journeys to France, Italy, and Switzerland. She shared with the city of Erlangen both in prosperity and adversity, and particularly in the distresses brought upon the country by the French invasions. She had the affliction to lose her brother the Duke of Brunswick, who was mortally wounded in the battle of Jena, and forced to leave his home, and die in a foreign land; and the family of the Guelphs, robbed of their principalities, were forced to fly from Germany;—but just Heaven preserved her life for the happiness of witnessing the triumph of her House, though purchased with the afflicting death of her brave nephew, who fell at the head of his troops at Quatre Bras. She had inhabited Erlangen castle nearly 51 years, when, on the 14th of January 1814, it was burnt to the ground. After this catastrophe, she resided in the house of Counsellor Gross, because, as she had expressed herself to a deputation sent to her by the city on the occasion of this disaster, she would never part from Erlangen as long as she lived. Her Serene Highness possessed, united to uncommon firmness in all changes of fortune, a highly cultivated mind, improved by the best works of Germany, France, England, and Italy. In her died the last branch of the house of Brandenburg-Ansbach-Baireuth. Properly speaking, the Margrave Alexander, who died near London, was the last of this line, for her late Serene Highness was only related to it by marriage.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—The magnificence of *Space* has often been dwelt upon by philosophical writers, and their arguments seem to have had a peculiar effect upon the brains (if any) of the Drury Lane Management. Converts to their doctrines, this learned body has reduced them to the true test of experiment, and have the felicity of every night contemplating the beauties of that grand vacuity and mighty emptiness to which philosophers have given the mo-

nosyllabic title in italics above. Never were the fine proportions and elegant contour of the Theatre so distinctly perceptible as they now are. The eye of the architectural connoisseur may range from post to pilaster, uninterrupted by the intervention of a single human head,—for the area of Pompeii itself is scarcely more vacant than Drury Lane pit. As for the boxes, all we shall say is that they are too courteous to discountenance, by their multitudes, the desolateness of their inferior neighbour. Another great advantage of empty houses ought to be noticed. There is nothing to deaden (an important point when the actors are babies) the sound of the actors' voices, which reverberate in sweet echoes round the hollow arches, fill with melody the desert arena below, and float in light notes (far more delicious than pound notes taken at the door) through the highest galleries above. There is also a refreshing coolness in the atmosphere, free from all those noxious vapours which cause a crowded Theatre to resemble only an enlarged Black Hole of Calcutta. Here, on the contrary, we have every salubrious recommendation which medical men approve. A free circulation of air, instead of that villanous compound of gas from lustres, and steam from compressed beings, which constitutes an effluvia unquestionably impure to breathe and injurious to health. Then the weakest invalid runs no risk of catching cold on going out, even in the rawest night, so happily is the equilibrium preserved without and within. Our only fear is that this admirable state of things is likely to be destroyed by its own impulse; for no doubt such enjoyments must attract numbers, and numbers will annihilate all the benefits of *Space*. In the meanwhile the managers have all the merit of having achieved the *spatium magnum*, and it is but fair to anticipate the conclusion of the line, and of their labours, *requiemque doloris*.

The only rational objection which can be urged to the cultivation of solitude in the audience part of Theatres, is, that the performers, ignorant of the kindness thus done to them, sink into a sort of apathy detrimental to the development of talent. Thus on Monday night, Mr. Kean's Hamlet was poorer than usual, and instead of the character being ill acted, it was not acted at all. Few parts, in truth, sit with so little fitness on the vehement powers of Kean. Neither person nor deportment, nor voice nor action, are at all suitable, and in every scene it is evident that Bajazet cannot be the Prince of Denmark. The bursts which in his tyrants have many admirers are here misplaced: Hamlet's bursts are unfrequent and of deep passion, not ever-recurring and of rage. His disposition is gentle, undecided; and even when wrought up to agony, he rather philosophizes than revenges, and complains rather than rails. His very despairings are of a sober tone, his sorrows more melancholy than vivid, and his purposes more infirm than energetic. Every one who has seen

Mr. Kean will feel that his genius lies entirely the opposite way to what we have pictured of the Dane, and that his vigorous conceptions and execution are often worse than thrown away in this character. Miss Cubitt was the Ophelia, (as Miss Kelly is playing in Dublin) and one of the most feeble and tame we ever witnessed. It is painful to speak harshly of a well-behaved girl, but really that such a part should be assigned to an actress of no higher attainments, in one of the principal Theatres of the metropolis, is astonishing.

Tuesday, Miss Smithson repeated Letitia Hardy without improvement, though we believe she had another partner in the minut.

The *Turret Clock*, a new and rather interesting piece of the melo-dramatic species, was produced on Wednesday. The story is of the usual kind; lovers opposed by fathers, who fancy old men will suit their daughters better than young ones; forests with robbers, most ferocious dogs who intercept the heroine in her flight; clocks striking hours as important and fatal as St. Sepulchre when it tolls the execution morning to Newgate; strong and unjust suspicions of murder falling on the innocent lover; the final unravelling of all mysteries, relenting of parents, and marriages of sweethearts: these are the literary ingredients of melo-drama. Then there are besides, music to which persons not only dance, but fight; where a minim is a gash, and a crotchet a broken head; a semi-breve a mortal wound, and a quaver a cut-throat. This was eminently exemplified in the present production, where the lover and a robber contend almost an hour, if not by Shrewsbury, at least by the Turret Clock, and stab and slash one another very prettily to some tune. The prompter's book must be a funny document on such an occasion—if indeed the whole be not left to the *ad libitum* genius of the performers:—"Flourish—enter combatants;—*Brillante*, out with swords;—*Forte*, threaten each other;—*Fortissimo*, plunge and hack;—*Segue*, one runs away;—*Obligato*, is obliged to face about with his instrument;—*Grazioso*, is pinked through the body;—*Legato*, faints from loss of blood; and after a fine *pianissimo*, *fleBILE*, movement, during which he whines most piteously in *mezzo piano*, dies either *affettuoso* or *furioso*, as the Composer and the Author please to have the *finale*!"

Our readers, of course, comprehend, that this is not only a general view of melo-drama, but a particular description of the *Turret Clock*, the only incident in which that we have not noticed, is that the lady, after being robbed in the forest, purchases the habiliments of a male peasant and goes to a town, where, by the *sortes dramaticæ*, being the first stranger that arrives at a certain time, she is chosen, like Pope Joan, Chief Magistrate. Before her august tribunal her lover is brought accused of having murdered her, and for

want of a proper acquitting jury is likely to be hanged, but in the end is happily declared *not guilty*, and consequently, as is the fashion of our enlightened times, becomes entitled to rewards and honours. Now we have only to add, that all these things are done, said, and played, by *Mont-travers*, the lover, Mr. Penley; *Nerina*, the heroine, Miss Ivers; the father, Mr. Gattie; *Alvara*, the pantaloon lover, Mr. R. Phillips; several pseudo comic parts, Alsop, Harlowe, Harley, Oxberry; and the music G. Lanza. The dialogue is deplorably common-place, and only the incidents, which proclaim their Parisian origin, serve to rescue it for a few nights from the oblivion it merits.

COVENT GARDEN, has produced no novelty. The musical play of Guy Mannerling, the tragical play of the Point of Honour, and the comical play of She Stoops to Conquer, with the everlasting pantomime, vary the amusements. We hope speedily to have some change. A melo-drama, and the tragedy of Fazio, which has been published, are announced.

Drury Lane also announces "a grand tragic play in three acts," founded on and called *The Bride of Abydos*. Mr. Dimond is the contriver, and Lord Byron's poem the material.

ORATORIO.—The Oratorios commenced last night at Drury Lane under the able direction of Sir George Smart. For reasons formerly assigned, our readers are aware that we cannot review the performances of Friday night in the ensuing Number of the *Literary Gazette*; but from the vocal talents engaged—Braham, Bellamy, Terrail, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Corri, Miss Goodall, &c. as well as the instrumental performers, including Lindley, and the selection of pieces, we may say that we have here the fairest augury of excellence.

FOREIGN DRAMA.

THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE.

First representation of the *Calendrier vicant*; or, *Une Année en une Heure*.

The poor year 1817 has at length expired. She made some noise in the world during her life-time. The *affair of Rhodéz* would in itself be sufficient to ensure for her the recollection of posterity; but we proceed to inform our readers how she employed herself a few hours previous to her death at the *Theatre du Vaudeville*.

When verging towards the close of her career, *Madame Dix-Huit-Cent-Dix-Sept* determined to award a crown of immortality to that month out of the twelve which had most contributed to her glory. *Zephyrus* and *Aquilo* are the lady's messengers, who direct the competitors to set forth their claims. *M. Thermometre* is appointed to introduce them in due order, according to the length of their services.

January appears first. He reminds us that he was principally engaged in opening

the *Theatre Mont-Thabor*, and that he was the first to bring *Munito* into favour. We must not forget to mention that *January* is attended by a kind of lackey, whose duty consists in carrying kind inquiries and invitations to and from a number of faithful friends, who mutually detest each other.

February enters and mentions his masked balls, and the *fracas* created by his compact editions of *Voltaire* and *Rousseau*, which were succeeded by *brochures* of various descriptions. It must be confessed that, among the latter, several of a very exceptional nature made their appearance; but then, as the song says, it was *la faute de Rousseau, or la faute de Voltaire*.

March is likewise entitled to notice. He refers to a certain theatrical disturbance, the *denouement* of which promised to be more tragical than that of *Germanicus*.

April asserts only one claim to favour; namely, the opening of the *Salon* in 1817.

May founds his rights on the abundance of roses he produced. Had certain authors *à la rose* been appointed to award the prize, his triumph would have been certain.

June next arrives, accompanied by a witness of his success, *M. Lithographe*, a German caricaturist.

July reminds us of his hero and heroine, *M. Croisé-Calicot* and *Mademoiselle Perkalé*, who made so conspicuous a figure in the *Combat des Montagnes*.

August prides himself in merit of a more solid kind. He has chosen as his attendant *M. Froment*, a rich agriculturist.

As to the productions of *September*, they were confined to a few pamphlets, which *M. Thermometre* conceived to be equivalent to *Zero*.

October boasts of his *Danuides*, which drew such crowds to the *Opera-Comique*, not as the managers might say, thanks to Heaven—but thanks to the *Infernal Regions*.

November, who is more unassuming than the rest, mentions, as the only circumstance in his favour, the opening of the *Athenée*.

Finally, *December* appears surrounded with Almanacks and presents of various kinds. The very sight of his *douceurs* is calculated to seduce the female judge; but *Madame Dix-Huit-Cent-Dix-Sept* has not yet become childish with old age. She awards the crown of immortality to *April*, who, during his course, gave birth to so many *chefs-d'œuvre* of art, by the opening of the *Salon*.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

On Tuesday, Parliament assembled for the dispatch of business, and the Speech from the Throne was delivered by Commissioners. As a political document, its texture is unusually slight. It alluded to the continued indisposition of our aged King, and to the heavy dispensation of Providence in bereaving the Prince Regent of his only Child, and the

nation of its proudest hope. In consequence of this afflicting event, the adoption of measures connected with the Succession and future prospects of the country are glanced at. We are gratified with a statement, that the most amicable relations continue to be cultivated with foreign Powers, and that nothing exists to threaten the tranquillity of the world. Improvement in almost every branch of our domestic industry, the high state of public credit, and the stability and extent of our national resources, are recorded; and the duration of the restored quiet of the realm, anticipated as the fruit of returning prosperity. The House of Commons is requested to continue its attention to the public income and expenditure (on the balance of which, indeed, every thing depends), and is assured, that the revenue has been in a state of progressive improvement.

The honourable treaties with Spain and Portugal, for the abolition of the Slave Trade, are submitted to Parliament; and the Speech concludes with an earnest recommendation to the Legislature to direct its attention to the deficiency which has so long existed in the number of places of public worship belonging to the Established Church.

The customary Addresses were moved in both Houses upon this occasion: in the Lords, by Lords Aylesford and Selsea, and in the Commons, by Messrs. Wodehouse and W. Quin. Short and unimportant discussions ensued, chiefly turning on the topic of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, which Act, we rejoice to say, was abrogated by a ministerial proceeding on the following day in the upper House, and on Thursday by the representatives of the people. Jealous of our liberties, the most precious of all blessings, it is a lamentable state of things to exist in Britain, when we hardly know which evil to chuse—the danger of rebellion on the one hand, or the abridgment of our dearest rights on the other. We hail the hour which restores every Englishman to the protection of the laws!

Addresses of condolence to Her Majesty and Prince Leopold have been voted: the former met with some, but very partial, dissent.

The *Projet* of the Law for regulating the French Press, has been rejected in the House of Peers.

The young Infanta of Spain died on the 9th.

Amelia Island has surrendered to the

force of the United States: the insurgent leader Aury and his partisans prisoners.

Cayenne and French Guyana have been taken possession of by their old masters the French.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. James, whose excellent work on the *Natal Occurrences* in the late war between Great Britain and the United States, was reviewed at page 323, 1st vol. *Literary Gazette*, has announced, as a companion to that publication, a full account of the *Military Occurrences* during the same period. From the skill, research, and impartiality displayed in the preceding, we anticipate in the present a highly useful and meritorious production. Seldom have facts been more distorted than in this contest, and the writer merits great praise who, like Mr. James, restores them to their real shape, and sustains his statements by authentic references.

Extract of a Letter from Rome.

The Princess of Canino, wife of Lucien Bonaparte, who is celebrated for her wit and poetic talent, is on the point of publishing a patriotic poem which she composed during the period of her exile and captivity. This circumstance would in itself constitute a powerful claim to indulgence, but those who have read the manuscript declare that it stands in need of none.

The prize subject for 1818, by the Academy of Sciences, &c. at Rouen, seems to be one which might be most advantageously copied as an example by our Universities and several other learned bodies to this extent, "for the best history of the printing and library in such place: a list of the principal printers and libraries, with an account of the most curious editions which have issued from the press of the former, or been in the possession of the latter."

According to the *Bibliographie de la France*, there have been published within the year 1817, in that country, four thousand two hundred and thirty-seven works; 1179 Engravings; and 470 pieces of Music. The first three weeks of the present year have produced 280 Publications, 63 Engravings, and 26 new Tunes.

VARIETIES.

SEA MONSTER.—Letters from Marseilles state, that a sea monster, of enormous dimensions, has been seen on the coast of Calabria. Some fishermen perceiving a fire in the sea, and thinking that it was a coasting vessel, which was in need of assistance, approached the monster, whose motions caused a phosphoric light, which was what they had mistaken for a fire. They soon

perceived a thick smoke, heard a hollow howling mugient sound, and the agitation of the waves was such, that the boats were obliged to return precipitately to the shore. According to their account, the monster raised itself to a prodigious height, and then replunged into the waves; so that, though the night was very calm, they were covered with the spray. One would be almost inclined to think, that the great sea serpent, which was seen some time ago on the American coast, had crossed the Atlantic.

ANTIQUÉ RING.—The Roman Gazette relates, on the authority of letters from Greece, that a countryman, in the neighbourhood of Corinth, lately struck with his ploughshare against a metal vessel, which contained several ancient coins, and a ring, with an agate of the size of half a *saldo*. On this agate the naked eye could discover nothing but some very small strokes. A learned traveller purchased the ring, and by the aid of a microscope discovered a most admirable work of art. On the upper side of the stone he found a group of gods, distinguishable by their attributes; and on the lower side, Achilles dragging the dead body of Hector behind his chariot. This discovery affords a fresh proof of the great superiority of the ancients to the moderns in works of this kind.

ANECDOTE OF CHRISTIAN IV. KING OF DENMARK.—Christopher Rosenkranz, in Copenhagen, demanded from the widow of Christian Taut a debt of 5000 dollars. She was certain that she owed him nothing. But he produced a bond signed by herself and her deceased husband; she declared the bond to be forged. The affair was brought before a court of justice. The widow was condemned to pay the demand. In her distress she applied to King Christian IV. and said that neither she nor her husband had signed the pretended bond. His Majesty promised to take her affair into consideration. He sent for Rosenkranz, questioned him closely, begged, exhorted, but all to no purpose. The creditor appealed to his written bond. The king asked for the bond, sent Rosenkranz away, and promised that he would very soon return it to him. The king remained alone, to examine this important paper, and discovered, after much trouble, that the paper-manufacturer, whose mark was on the bond, had begun his manufactory many years after its date. The inquiries made confirmed this fact. The proof against Rosenkranz was irrefragable. The king said nothing about it: sent for Rosenkranz some days after, and exhorted him in the most affecting manner, to have pity on the poor widow, because otherwise the justice of Heaven would certainly punish him for such wickedness. He unblushingly insisted on his demand, and even presumed to affect to be offended. The king's mildness went so far, that he still gave him several days for consideration. But all to no purpose. He was arrested, and punished with all the rigour of the laws.

ANECDOTE. PRESENCE OF MIND.—As the well known Dr. Barth preached for the first time in his native city of Leipzig, he disdained the usual precaution of having his sermon placed in the Bible before him, to refer to in case of need. A violent thunder-storm arising just as he was in the middle of his discourse, and a tremendous clap caused him to lose the thread of his argument, with great composure and dignity he shut the Bible, saying with emphasis, "When God speaks, man must hold his peace." he then came down from the pulpit, and the whole congregation looked on him with admiration and wonder, as a mighty pillar of the church.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

January 22—Thursday.

Thermometer from 27 to 47.

Barometer from 30, 18 to 29, 71.

Wind S. by W. and S. by E. 3.—Generally cloudy, with some heavy rain about 9 at night.

Friday, 23—Thermometer from 32 to 42.

Barometer from 29, 88 to 29, 76.

Wind S. W. 1.—Morning and noon clear: afternoon cloudy, with some rain: evening clear, with a few flashes of lightning in the S. E. from 4 past 5 to 6.—Rain fallen, 0.5 of an inch.

Saturday, 24—Thermometer from 31 to 44.

Barometer from 29, 79 to 29, 65.

Wind S. S. W. and N. W. 4.—Morning and noon cloudy: afternoon and evening clear. Wind very variable between four and five in the afternoon.

Sunday, 25—Thermometer from 30 to 43.

Barometer from 30, 12 to 30, 18.

Wind N. W. and W. by S. 4.—Morning clear; afternoon cloudy: a little rain or mist in the evening.

Monday, 26—Thermometer from 31 to 52.

Barometer from 30, 04 to 29, 86.

Wind S. W. 2.—Generally cloudy. Mild for the season.—Rain fallen, 1.75 of an inch.

Tuesday, 27—Thermometer from 32 to 44.

Barometer from 30, 11 to 29, 90.

Wind S. W. and S. 2.—Morning, noon, and afternoon very fine, with much light cirrus. Evening heavily cloudy.—Rain fallen, 0.5 of an inch.

Note. Mr. Howard marks the

Cirrus Cloud thus \

Cumulus O

Stratus —

Cirro Cumulus \ O

Cirro Stratus \ —

Cumulo Stratus — O

Nimbus \ O —

See also Forster on Clouds.

Wednesday, 28—Thermometer from 33 to 42.

Barometer from 29, 72 to 29, 78.

Wind S. W. and W. by S. 1.—Morning cloudy; the rest of the day generally clear, with a passing shower of hail in the afternoon.

Quickset: Some buds much swelled, almost to bursting. Snow-drops in some gardens in flower; but the attention of young observers ought not to be called to garden flowers!

Latitude 51. 37. 32 N.

Longitude 3. 51 W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

ERRATA in No. 53.

p. 54, 2d col. for VIXIT read VIXIT.

p. 57, 2d col. for Bonstrophedon read Bonstrophodon.

Bensley and Sons, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

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